

had relieved Collins.

Stahl and Speaker were the only Red Sox who had any luck batting against Dubuc.

Onslow, the Tigers' new first baseman pried off a double and single.

Walter Johnson weakened in the final innings against St. Louis, but great fielding by Washington infielders staved off defeat.

Nationals stole six bases, Clyde Milan swiping half of them.

Laporte batted effectively against his former mates, grabbing a triple and single off Hamilton.

Cleveland made seven hits yield eight runs, snagging the fourth straight game from the Yanks.

Blanding and Davis had an even break in pitching.

Zinn, Yank right fielder, led both teams at bat with a double and two singles.

Joe Jackson crossed plate three times, though he hit safely but twice.

Slapnicka, with Cubs last year, pitched a great game for Milwaukee yesterday, beating Toledo 1 to 0 in 16 innings. Slapnicka allowed but five hits during the marathon.

Though denied every day, the rumor that Otto Knabe is to be traded by Philadelphia to Cincinnati, where he will be made manager, still crops out as often as denied. The latest report is that the Reds have offered Egan, Mitchell and Fromme for the Dutchman.

Jack Johnson is not without

sarcasm. He says he will only enter the ring in the event there is danger of the colored race losing the heavy title.

This is Jack's way of getting back at Jim Corbett and other white hope boosters.

SEASIDE LONGINGS.

By Berton Braley.

Where the ocean billows roar

On the shore,

Where the folks are on the beach

Side by each,

Let us seek a seaside cot

(Charming spot)

Where to live the simple life

Far from strife.

For two hundred bones a week

What we seek

Can be found where breezes cool

Are the rule.

There, in beauteous bathing clothes,

We can pose;

There's the place to plot and plan

For a man.

There will be a fancy ball;

We shall call

On two hundred folks or so

Whom we know;

Luncheons, soirees, cards and teas,

Things like these,

Give the simple life a touch

Relished much.

Yes, the Simple Life for us,

Void of fuss,

Full of comfort and content,

Till we've spent

All our money—then, ah me!

We must flee;

We must quit the ocean foam

And go home!